

PARENTAL
DISCRETION
ADVISED

DON'T LET YOUR
PARENTS CATCH
YOU READING THIS!
MATURE
READERS ONLY!

Taste the Difference!

#5

\$2.50

\$3.25 IN CANADA

CUD

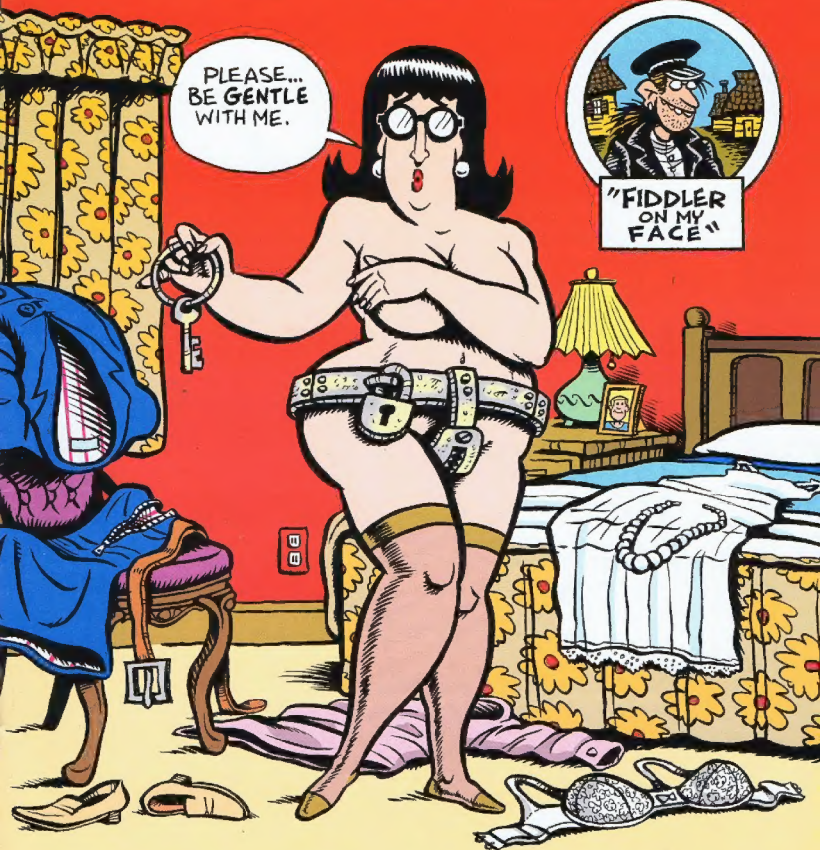
by TERRY LABAN

U

PLEASE...
BE GENTLE
WITH ME.



"FIDDLER
ON MY
FACE"



"FEEL A LITTLE"

© T. LABAN '93

THE STORY THUS FAR:

BOB CUDD, HAVING RECEIVED HIS MASTERS IN PERFORMANCE ART, WENT TO THE BIG CITY TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE. HIS PERFORMANCE AT A LOCAL ROCK CLUB IMPRESSED YONG DONG, AN AGENT FOR CONGLOMA RECORDS, AND, UNDER DONG'S GUIDANCE, GOT A LARGE GRANT FROM THE N.E.A. FAME AND FORTUNE QUICKLY FOLLOWED, AS OVERNIGHT, BOB BECAME A STAR. HOWEVER, THE CONTROVERSIAL NATURE OF HIS ACT MADE HIM A TARGET OF MORAL WATCHDOGS FROM ACROSS THE POLITICAL SPECTRUM, AND HIS UNREQUITED OBSESSION WITH FILA LITTLE, THE RECEPTIONIST AT CONGLOMA, LED TO AN INCREASING INABILITY TO FUNCTION, SEXUALLY AND OTHERWISE. UNAWARE THAT AN ALLIANCE OF FUNDAMENTALISTS AND ANTI-PORN FEMINISTS HAD SENT ASSASSINS TO KILL HIM, BOB MADE ONE LAST PLAY FOR FILA, AND AFTER BEING UNEQUIVOCALLY REJECTED, DISAPPEARED FOR 24 HOURS ON A BENDER. HE WOUND UP IN A SEAMY HOTEL WITH AN UNUSUAL PROSTITUTE, WHO, UTILIZING THE MYSTIC ARTS OF YOGA, CURED HIS IMPOTENCE BY AWAKENING HIS KUNDALINI. UNFORTUNATELY, THE INTENSITY OF THE EXPERIENCE SENT HIM RUSHING FROM THE ROOM IN A PANIC — RIGHT INTO THE RIFLE SCOPES OF HIS ENEMIES.

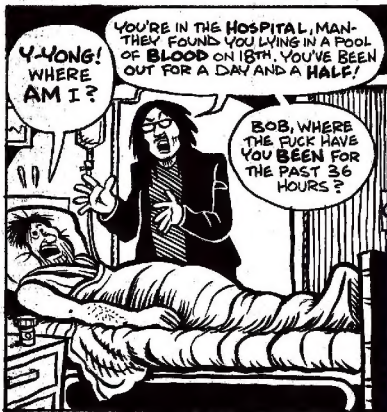
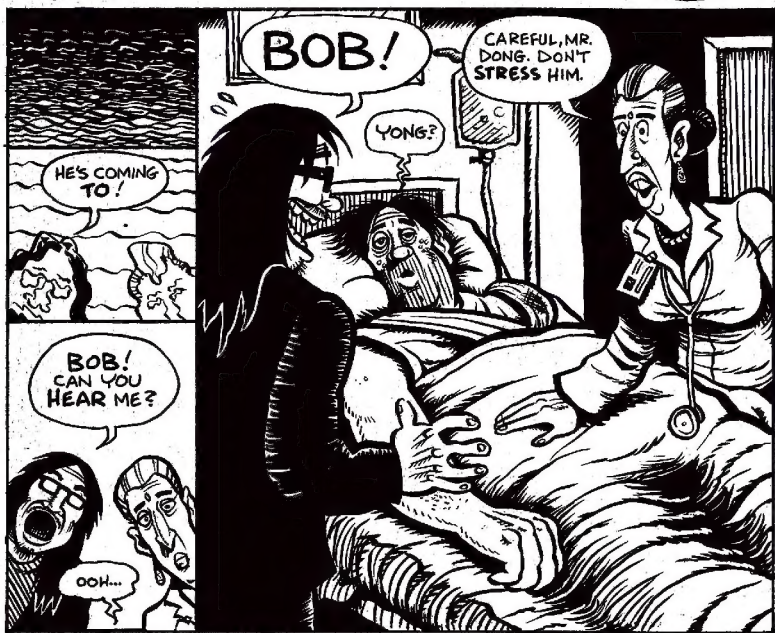


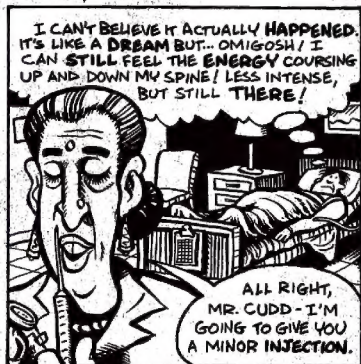
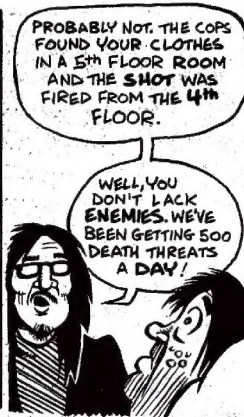
PART 5

YOU CAN'T SPANK THE MONKEY IF HE'S ON YOUR BACK



FEEL A LITTLE





THE KUNDALINI IS A POWERFUL FORCE OF ENERGY THAT SITS COILED AT THE BASE OF THE SPINE. IT CAN BE RELEASED IN A NUMBER OF WAYS, MOST USUALLY THROUGH YOGA. SUCH CASES ARE QUITE COMMON IN INDIA, BUT ONE RARELY ENCOUNTERS THEM HERE.

I'M JUST...
TINGLING
ALL OVER!



YES, THAT FEELING WILL DIMINISH OVER A PERIOD OF ABOUT A MONTH. YOU MAY ALSO EXPERIENCE A HEIGHTENED SENSE OF EMOTIONAL WELL-BEING AND AN UNUSAL DEGREE OF SEXUAL POTENCY.

YOU MAY, FOR A SHORT TIME, FIND YOURSELF EXTRAORDINARILY ATTRACTIVE TO WOMEN.



IN FACT, MR. CUDD, I WILL NOW MAKE A SPEEDY EXIT, SO I WILL NOT BE TEMPTED TOWARDS INDISCRETION BY THE KUNDALINI'S POWERFUL FORCE!

TATA!



ONE WEEK LATER.

STILL
NO LEADS,
MR. CUDD.

THAT'S O.K.
YOU'RE GOING
HOME SOON.



WE'VE BEEFED UP SECURITY FOR YOU. THE DOCTORS SAY YOU SHOULD BE FINE FOR THE FALL TOUR.

JEEZ, BOB- IS IT MY IMAGINATION, OR IS THERE A LOT OF NURSES IN HERE?

YONG!



YONG!
I JUST SAW
FILA LITTLE
GO PAST THE
DOOR!

YOU'RE
SEEING
THINGS!

I
SAW
HER, I'M
TELLIN' YA!



YOU MAY BE RIGHT, MR. CUDD. HER LITTLE BOY IS JUST DOWN THE HALL FROM YOU. HE HAS LEUKEMIA.

OH NO!

YES-IT'S VERY SAD. HE NEEDS MONEY FOR A BONE MARROW TRANSPLANT, AND THEY JUST DON'T HAVE IT.

CAN I GIVE YOU YOUR MASSAGE TODAY?



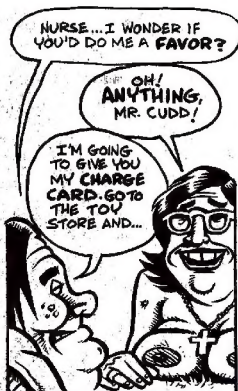
LISTEN, BOB- THAT WOMAN'S ALREADY SUING US FOR ENOUGH TO PAY FOR 10 BONE MARROW TRANSPLANTS! LEAVE HER ALONE!

I WILL...

I MEAN IT! YOU GO NEAR HER AND I'LL...

LOOK- I'M TIRED, YONG- IT'S TIME FOR MY MASSAGE.





YOU!



H-HI, FILA!

YOU THINK THIS'LL GET ME TO DROP THE SUIT, DON'T YOU? WELL, YOU CAN'T JUST HARASS ME AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

WHAT IS THIS? IS THIS SOME KIND OF A JOKE?

ABSOLUTELY NOT.

THAT MONEY'S FOR BILLY. IF YOU STILL WANT MORE, YOU DON'T NEED TO SUE ME. JUST ASK, AND I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU.



OH GOD, MR. CUDD... "BOB".

BOB, WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? YOU KNOW I CAN'T JUST TAKE YOUR MONEY!

THEN THINK OF IT AS A LOAN.

I COULD NEVER PAY IT BACK!



YES YOU CAN. JUST HAVE DINNER WITH ME. THAT'S IT. NO STRINGS ATTACHED. AND, IF AFTER A COUPLE HOURS, YOU DON'T ENJOY MY COMPANY, I SWEAR, I'LL NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN.

ULR...

THE KUNDALINI ENERGY



I... I'M ALL CONFUSED... ORDINARILY I'D NEVER... BUT... M-MAYBE I'VE... MISJUDGED YOU, BOB... YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND TO BILLY...

I'LL BE OUT IN A WEEK. CAN I CALL YOU?

I...



...I... WELL, I... YES. YES, PLEASE DO. I... T- THANK YOU, BOB... ULR...

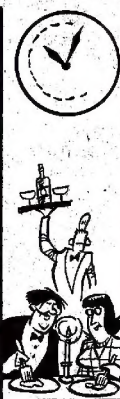
THANK YOU, FILA!

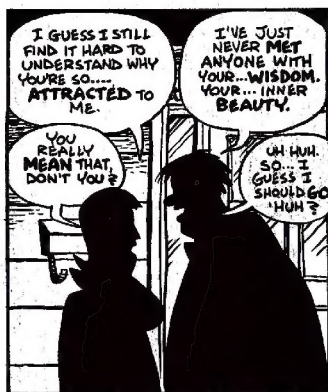
I GOTTA GO.

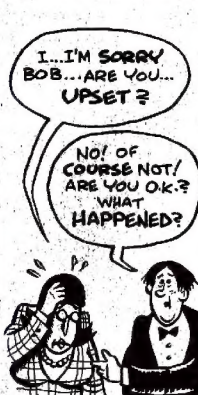


YES!

THE NEXT WEEK





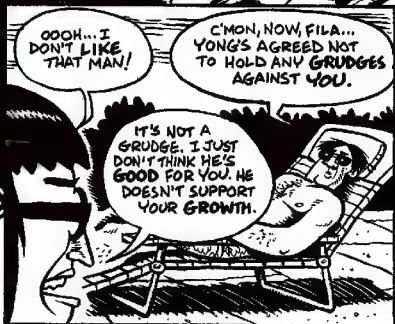


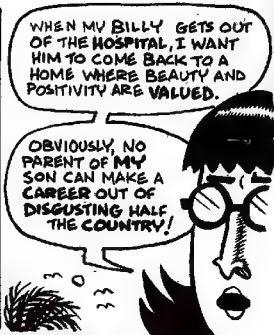


EEEEEEEEK!









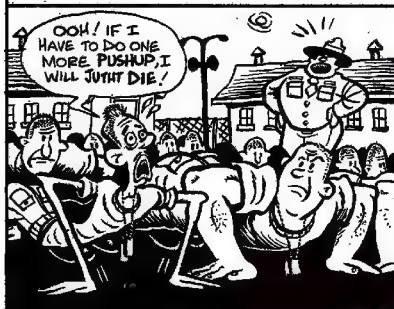
The SISSY

by TERRY LA BANGS

"I MET A LOT OF GUYS MY FIRST FEW DAYS OF BOOT CAMP, AND I FOUND THAT, EVEN THOUGH WE CAME FROM MANY DIFFERENT BACKGROUNDS, WE COULD STILL GET ALONG, EXCEPT FOR ONE GUY WHO NEVER QUITE FIT IN. WE CALLED HIM 'THE SISSY'."



"HE WAS KIND OF SMALL AND DELKATE FOR A MARINE. NONE OF US LIKED TRAINING, BUT THE SISSY SEEMED TO HAVE MORE TROUBLE THAN MOST."



"AND HE HAD A STRANGE SENSE OF STYLE. HE ALWAYS DECORATED HIS BED WITH FRESH FLOWERS, AND HE'D SPEND HOURS FUSSING WITH HIS HAIR."



"BUT IT WAS IN THE SHOWERS THAT HE BOTHERED US THE MOST. HE NEVER SAID ANYTHING, BUT WE COULD FEEL HIS EYES LOOKING AT OUR BODIES...EVALUATING US...SEXUALLY!"



"I DECIDED TO TALK ABOUT IT WITH THE SERGEANT."

IT'S ABOUT BOOFINSKY, SIR. WE THINK HE MIGHT BE A...HOMO!

WE KNOW, PRIVATE. BUT UNDER THE PRESIDENT'S "DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL" POLICY, NO ACTION CAN BE TAKEN UNLESS THERE'S A SPECIFIC VIOLATION OF THE CODE OF CONDUCT.



SO THAT MEANS...

RIGHT-UNLESS HE TELLS US HE'S A FUDGE-PACKER, OR WE ACTUALLY CATCH HIM DOING IT, WE GOTTA LIVE WITH HIM!



"WHEN I TOLD THE GUYS, THEY WERE UPSET, BUT RESIGNED TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

SIGH... AN ORDER'S AN ORDER, I GUESS.

OH, WELL-LOOK AT IT THIS WAY-THERE'S NOT ONE OF US WHO DOESN'T OUTWEIGH HIM BY AT LEAST 100 POUNDS...



... HE'S GOTTA KNOW THAT IF HE EVER TRIED ANYTHING, HE'D BE PASTE IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!



"NOT LONG AFTER, WE WERE SHIPPED OVERSEAS TO A COUNTRY NO ONE'D EVER HEARD OF TO REINFORCE A U.N. PEACEKEEPING EFFORT."



"THE FIRST NIGHT, WE CAME UNDER HEAVY FIRE. BEFORE I REALIZED IT, I FOUND MYSELF DUG INTO A HILL-SIDE IN THE MOONLESS DARK WITH..."



"...THE SISSY!"



"FOR A FEW HOURS, NOTHING HAPPENED. AND THEN, I HEARD A VOICE SAY SOFTLY..."



"BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO REPLY, HE WAS ON ME, AND TO MY HORROR I FOUND THAT DESPITE MY SIZE, I WAS POWERLESS TO STOP HIM. CRAZED WITH PENT-UP LUST, HE WAS A RAGING ANIMAL, STRONGER THAN 10 MEN!"



"THE SOUND OF ARTILLERY FIRE DROWNED OUT MY SCREAMS AS HE HAD HIS WAY WITH ME AGAIN..."



"...AND AGAIN..."



"...AND AGAIN!"



"BY MORNING I WAS TIRED, HURT, AND HUMILIATED."



"OF COURSE, I TOLD NO ONE WHAT HAD HAPPENED. I HOPED THE INCIDENT WOULD FADE FROM MY MIND, JUST ANOTHER HORROR OF WAR."



"BUT STRANGE THINGS STARTED HAPPENING. I BEGAN SPENDING MORE TIME ON MY HAIR, AND NOTICING THINGS LIKE FLOWERS AND THE SCENT OF THE OFFICER'S AFTERSHAVE."



"WORST OF ALL, IN THE SHOWERS, I FOUND MYSELF LOOKING AT THE OTHER GUYS DIFFERENTLY... SUDDENLY, THEIR BODIES WERE... EXCITING!"



"I WAS TORTURED BY URGES I'D NEVER KNOWN BEFORE, AND THAT I COULDN'T SUPPRESS. FINALLY, I HAD TO ADMIT THAT SOMEHOW, THE SISSY HAD INFECTED ME WITH HIS DREAD DISORDER. AND NOW..."



"...I'M A SISSY TOO!"



Fiddler on my Face

HERE I AM, TERELEH THE MILKMAN, WALKING THE MUDDY STREETS OF HYSTEREKVA, DEEP IN THE RUSSIAN PALE. JUST ANOTHER POOR JEW, SCRATCHING OUT A LIVING AGAINST GREAT ODDS.



A
TERRY
LABAN
REDUCTION

BUT THOUGH WE JEWS ARE POOR IN POSSESSIONS, WE'RE RICH IN TRADITION AND FAITH. GOD WALKS WITH US IN THE SHITEL. WELL, ACTUALLY, GOD GOES FIRST, AND WE FOLLOW 20 FEET BEHIND SO PEOPLE WON'T THINK HE KNOWS US. BUT IF WE CALL ON HIM, HE WILL ANSWER...

GOD!
OH, GOD

YES,
TERELEH?

I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU'VE NOTICED, GOD, THAT THOUGH YOU BURDEN ME WITH PAIN AND SORROW, I STILL PRAISE YOUR NAME?

SURE.
IT'S
GREAT.

WELL, JUST THINK HOW MUCH LOUDER MY PRAISES WOULD BE IF YOU MADE ME RICH!

FAT CHANCE. I GIVE PEOPLE A LITTLE MONEY AND PFFT! I NEVER HEAR FROM THEM AGAIN.

BUT, HEY, YOU'RE A GOOD EGG, AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW I'VE DECIDED TO BLESS YOU WITH SOMETHING EVEN BETTER THAN MONEY!

YEAR?
WHAT?





GOLDE!-
I JUST SPOKE TO THE
POLICE SUPERINTENDENT!
THERE'S GOING TO BE
A **POGROM!**

OH
NO!

SOB: HOW LONG MUST
WE ENDURE THIS ENDLESS
ROUND OF PERSECUTION?

CHOK: SURELY THE
LORD MUST EVENTUALLY
TAKE PITY ON THOSE
WHOVE SUFFERED SO LONG!

GOD!...
OH, GOD!

YES, TERELEH?

GOD, I'VE GOT A WIFE
AND KIDS DOWN HERE!
CAN'T YOU CUT US SOME
SLACK?

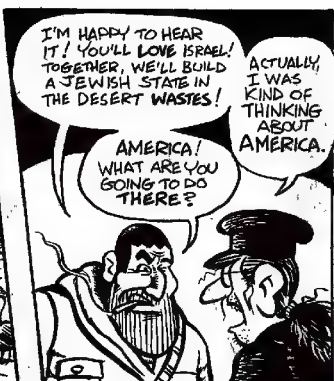
AW,
YOU'RE BREAKIN'
MY HEART...
HECK, WHY
NOT?

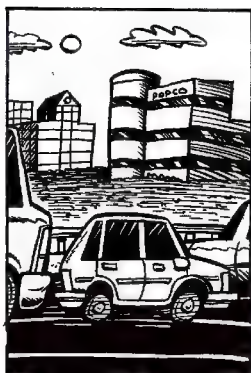
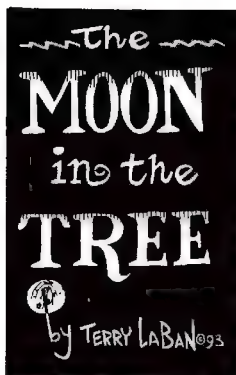
GOLDE, LOOK!
A MAN, FALLING
FROM THE SKY!

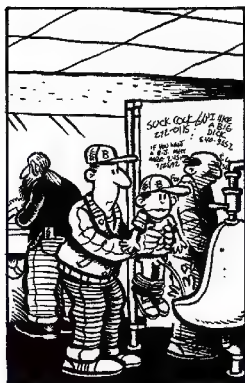
GREETINGS, DIASPORITES! I'M
YOSSI BEN MOSHE OF THE ELITE ISRAELI
COMMANDOS! I'M HERE TO HELP YOU DEFEND
YOUR HOME AND FAMILY, AND REGAIN YOUR
DIGNITY AS HUMAN
BEINGS AND JEWS!

LISTEN, MISTER-WHAT
YOU'RE SAYING SOUNDS
VERY NICE...









THE MAG MAN



DEAR TERRY- I HEAR YOU'RE DISAPPOINTED BY SALES OF YOUR COMICS. I'LL GIVE YOU SOME FREE ADVICE TO BOOST THOSE FIGURES- GET BOB CUDD OFF THE COVER! I MEAN, HE'S UGLY, YA KNOW? PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO BUY THAT. THE BOB CUDD STORIES ARE BRILLIANT AND HILARIOUS, YES, BUT BOB IS NOT RIGHT FOR THE COVER. PUT AN EGG FUCKING BIRD'S NEST ON THE COVER, AND SALES WOULD RISE LIKE A PENIS SHEATH ON A WARM DAY. I'M TELLIN' YA, TERRY- NO MORE BARE-CHESTED FAT GUYS ON THE COVER. /-DAVID LASKY, SEATTLE, WA

DEAR MR. LABAN ~ I HAVE JUST READ OF A FILM THAT APPEARS TO HAVE VERY STRONG SIMILARITIES TO CUD. IN THE LATEST ISSUE OF FILM THREAT (#13), THERE IS A REVIEW OF AN INDEPENDENT FILM CALLED THE MINOTAUR. IT IS ABOUT A "BIG, BIG STAR WITH MILLIONS OF CRAZED FANS AND MORE MONEY THAN HE CAN EVER SPEND" WHO IS A "SICK BLEND OF THE YOUTHFULLY MAGNETIC FRANK SINATRA, THE OBESE, LATE-TO'S ELVIS AND...HOWARD HUGHES". PHOTOS OF THE STAR HAVE A DISTINCT RESEMBLANCE TO BOB CUDD. YOU MAY WANT TO CHECK THIS OUT. THOUGH IT DOES NOT SEEM THAT THIS FILM WILL BE A MONEY-MAKER, YOU MAY NEVERTHELESS WISH TO INVESTIGATE COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT ON PRINCIPLE. ~ JOHN ERDOS, BOSTON, MA

SINCE CUD'S ONLY BEEN COMING OUT FOR A LITTLE OVER A YEAR, AND BOB'S BEEN A "BIG STAR" FOR ONLY THE PAST 2 ISSUES, THE FILMMAKERS WOULD HAVE HAD TO WORK PRETTY FAST TO HAVE STOLEN THE IDEA FROM ME. GUESS THE ZEITGEIST IS SUCH THAT MANY WHO ARE TUNED

INTO THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS ARE COMING UP WITH SIMILAR IDEAS. A SURE SIGN THAT THE ENDTIMES ARE UPON US.

TERRY- IN "CLASS ACTION", (CUD#2), YOU PORTRAYED YOURSELF AS BEING HUMONGOUSLY ENDOWED. I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF YOUR SCHLONG IS REALLY THAT BIG, OR IF YOU'RE EXAGGERATING BECAUSE IT'S YOUR OWN CARTOON. ~NEECE STICKEL, MINNEAPOLIS, MN

YES, IT'S TRUE- I HAVE AN ORGAN OF PRODIGIOUS SIZE. IT'S A MIXED BLESSING, THOUGH- INTIMATE ENCOUNTERS CAN BECOME TRAUMATIC WHEN DATES RUN SCREAMING FROM THE ROOM, AND I HAVE TO BUY ALL MY PANTS AT A SPECIAL STORE.

DEAR TERRY- WHAT WERE AN EGG AND BIRD'S NEST DOING USING THE MISSIONARY POSITION? ~ TOM SCOLA, HOBOKEN, NJ

WHAT OTHER POSITIONS ARE THERE?

DEAR TERRY- I'M DYING TO KNOW WHAT YOUR EXPERIENCE IS WITH "PERFORMANCE ART"/ARTISTS? I WENT TO A PRETENTIOUS ART SCHOOL, SEE, AND IT KINDA SOURED THE GENRE

FOR ME. ~ ARIEL BOURDEAUX, SAN FRANCISCO, CA

GOSH, I WENT TO A PRETENTIOUS ART SCHOOL TOO! THINK THEY'RE ALL THAT WAMP? ANYHOW, I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH EXPERIENCE WITH PERFORMANCE ARTISTS BEFORE I STARTED THIS THING, BUT I'VE SEEN A FEW SINCE, AND SO FAR, BOB'S GOT 'EM BEAT HANDS DOWN!

HEY LABAN ~ I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT WHEN DYLAN AND I ASKED A U-W VENDOR IF THE LATEST CUD WAS IN, HE GAVE AN EXCITED "YEAH!", LEADING ME TO A PROMINENT SHELF, HANDING ME A COPY AS THE TWO OTHER BROWSERS IN THE SHOP SAID IN A VIRTUAL CHORUS "OH, COOL!" AS THEY RAN TO SNAP UP THEIR OWN COPIES. SEEMS YOU'RE GATHERING A FOLLOWING IN SEATTLE! ~ LOU JURCIK, SEATTLE, WA

HAPPY TO HEAR IT, LOU, AND HAPPY IT INCLUDES YOU AND THAT CUTE LITTLE SHAVER, DYLAN- AT LEAST TILL HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT THAT THE CREEP WHO WRITES AND DRAWS THIS STUFF IS HIS UNCLE.

WRITE ME AND I'LL BE YOUR PAL AT

TERRY LABAN
PO BOX 408136
CHICAGO, IL 60640

the CARTOON CONSULTANTTM HOW TO GET IDEAS





PLUGTH



THE BOX - THIS LITTLE ZINE SEEMS TO EXIST PRIMARILY AS A VEHICLE FOR THE THOUGHTS AND STORIES OF STEWART MCKENZIE, A POST-COLLEGE, GENERATION X, TEMP-TYPE FROM SAN FRANCISCO. AND WHAT STORIES THEY ARE! THE CENTER PIECE OF THE ISSUE I'VE GOT (VOL. 3, #2) IS A LONG AND CRAZY TALE OF A JOURNEY INTO THE NEVADA DESERT TO WITNESS THE TORCHING OF A 40-FOOT EFFIGY CALLED "THE BURNING MAN". MCKENZIE'S ACID-SOAKED ADVENTURE RECALLS THE VACATIONS OF HUNTER S. THOMPSON, BUT HIS WIDE-EYED AND ENGAGING PROSE HAS A POST-COLD WAR SWEETNESS THAT'S ALL HIS OWN. NO COMICS, BUT STILL RULES. STEWART MCKENZIE 101 CHENERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94131. NO PRICE.

DEEP GIRL - ARIEL BORDEAUX GIVES THE LOWDOWN ON HER EARLY SEXUAL EXPERIENCES AND THE PROS AND CONS OF CAFE JOBS IN THIS AMIABLE MINI THAT MANAGES TO BE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WITHOUT BEING CAME. HER WRITING'S GREAT, AND HER DRAWINGS ARE UGLY IN AN EXTREMELY PLEASANT KIND OF WAY. YOU CAN TELL SHE'S BEEN LOOKING AT JULE DOUCET, BUT SHE'S GOT HER OWN THING, AND IT'S A GOOD ONE. \$1.00 FROM ARIEL BORDEAUX 573 SCOTT ST., APT. L, SAN FRANCISCO, CA, 94117. SHE TAKES TRADES, TOO.

PHENECRIBE - ERIC SEARLEMAN'S DISARMINGLY SIMPLE AND ALWAYS AMUSING STORIES CONVEY THE STRUGGLE TO FIND MEANING AND PLEASURE IN A WORLD THAT'S AT BEST NUMBINGLY MUNDANE, AND AT WORST A MINEFIELD OF ANXIETY AND DISAPPOINTMENT. HE DRAWS IN A BEAUTIFUL STYLE THAT CONTRASTS AN ALMOST 50CS-TYPE CLEAN LINE WITH A SLEAZY, DRUG-BRUSH BACKGROUND. GET A MAGAZINE-SIZED MINI FOR \$2.00 FROM ERIC SEARLEMAN, 102 W. MARIPOSA #2, PHOENIX, AZ 85013

DETROIT/MURDER CITY COMIX - MY OLD HOMETOWN HAS A MYSTIQUE ALL ITS OWN, AND THESE GUYS MADE INTO IT UP TO THEIR FOREHEADS. THIS GENUINE, GLOSSY-COVERED (THO' SELF-PUBLISHED) COMIX IS CHOCK-FULL OF TRUE STORIES ABOUT THE SICK SUBURBANITES, CRAZED G-ETTO-DWELLERS, CRUMBLING BUILDINGS, JUNKER CARS, LOUD ROCK N' ROLL AND OTHER STUFF THAT MADE THE ONCE APTLY NICK-NAMED "MOTOWN" AMERICA'S FAVORITE URBAN BASKET CASE. THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE WON'T LIKE IT, BUT YOU WILL. ISSUES 1-3 \$2.50 EACH FROM D! MCC 1684 FULTON, SAN FRAN, CA, 94117. MUR-MUR MURD.

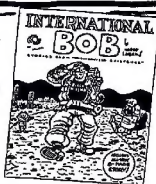
TICK TOCK - EXCELLENT MINI ANTHOLOGY BY A BUNCH OF CANADIAN CARTOONISTS, MOST NOTABLY ONE PAT MCCOWAN. A MIXED BAG OF MATERIAL LEANING TOWARDS THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL; ALL THE STORIES ARE BEAUTIFULLY DRAWN, AND HARDLY ANY ARE STUPID AND/OR POINTLESS. WORTH THE BUCK FROM SUIT JACKET PRESS, 955 THURLOW ST. #108, VANCOUVER, BC, CANADA V6E-2W6

BUGGERY - VANESSA MCGEE IS APPARENTLY A PRETTY WEIRD CHICK, NOT LEAST BECAUSE SHE'S THE ONLY WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN WHO DRAWS LIKE S. CLAY WILSON. BUGGERY AND HER OTHER MINIS ARE STRANGE CONGLOMERATIONS OF POETRY, DISJOINTED STORIES AND CRABBY DRAWINGS OF UGLY PEOPLE DOING PERVERTED THINGS, OR, MORE OFTEN, CONTEMPLATING THE POSSIBILITY. THE ART HAS THAT OBSSIVE FEELING, AND MANY MINIS ARE HAND-COLORED. SEND A COUPLE BUCKS AND SEE WHAT YOU GET TO BALL PEEN COMIX, PO BOX 545, ATHENS, GA 30603

BARBIE ARMY - ACTUALLY, THEY'RE A ROCK AND ROLL BAND, BUT THEY ALSO DO STRANGE LITTLE MINIS. I FOUND THEM INCOMPREHENSIBLE, BUT YOU MIGHT LIKE THEM. WRITE BARBIE ARMY, PO BOX 335, 60439 USA. NO PRICE.

NEW!

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LIFE IS GOOD TO ME.

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